THE

Fourth (and Last) COLLECTION

OF

Poems, Satyrs, Songs, &c.

CONTAINING,

I. *A Panegyrick on* O. Cromwell, *and his Victories: By* E. Waller, *Esquire.*
II. Oceana & Britannia.
III. *An Essay upon the E. of* Shaftsbury's *Death.*
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Most of which never before Printed.

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UMI

A Panegyrick on O. Cromwel, *and his Victories. By* E. Waller, *Esq;*

While with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle Hand,
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts Command.
Protect us from our ſelves, and from the Foe;
Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too.
Let partial Spirits ſtill aloud complain,
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot Reign;
And own no Liberty, but where they may
Without comptrole upon their fellows prey.
Above the Waves as *Neptune* ſhew'd his Face
To chide the Winds, and ſave the *Trojan* Race.
So has your Highneſs (rais'd above the reſt)
Storms of Ambition toſſing us repreſt.
Your drooping Country, torn with Civil hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a glorious State:
The ſeat of Empire, where the *Iriſh* come,
And the unwilling *Scot*, to fetch their Doom.
The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet
With bending Sails, each Veſſel of our Fleet.
Your Power reſounds as far as Wind can blow,
Or ſwelling Sails upon the Globe may go.
Heaven that has plac'd this Iſland to give Law,
To ballance *Europe*, and her States to awe.
In this Conjunction does our *Britain* ſmile,
The greateſt Leader to the greateſt Iſle.
Whether this Portion of the World were rent
By the wide Ocean from the Continent,
Or thus created, it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred Refuge of Mankind.
Hither the oppreſt ſhall henceforth reſort
Juſtice to crave, and ſuccour of your Court,
And ſhew, your Highneſs, not for ours alone,
But for the World's Protector ſhall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged Navy, flies
Through every Land that near the Ocean lies;
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
To all that Piracy and Rapine use.
With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
Might hope to lift her Head above the rest.
What may be thought impossible to do
For us, embrac'd by the Sea and you?
Lords of the World's great Waste, the Ocean, we
Whole Forests send to Reign upon the Sea.
And every Coast may trouble or relieve,
But none can Visit us without your leave.
Angels and we know this Prerogative,
That none can at our Happy Seat arrive;
While we descend at pleasure to invade
The bad with Vengeance, or the good to Aid.
Our little World, the Image of the great,
Like that amidst the boundless Ocean set,
Of her own growth has Nature all that craves,
And all that's rare, as Tribute from the Waves.
As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky;
So what our Heaven, or what our Earth denies,
Our ever constant Friend, the Sea, supplies.
The taste of hot *Arabia*'s Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow.
Without the Worm in *Persian* Silks we shine,
And without Planting, drink of every Vine.
To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest Metal, hither swims.
Ours is the Harvest, where the *Indians* Mow,
We plough the Deep, and Reap what others Sow.
Things of noblest kind our own Soyl breeds,
Stout are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds.
Rome, though her Eagle through the World had flown,
Could never make this Island all her own,
Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too:
France-Conquering *Henry* flourish'd, and now you.
For whom we staid, as did the *Grecian* State,
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.

When

When for more Worlds that *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wiſt not *Thetis* in her Lap did hide
Another yet, a World reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.
He ſafely might Old Troops to Battel lead
Againſt the unwarlike *Perſian*, or the *Mead*,
Whoſe haſty flight did from a bloodleſs Field
More Spoil than Honour to the Victor yield.
A Race unconquer'd by their Clime — made bold,
The *Calydonians* arm'd with want and cold,
Have by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
Been from all Ages kept for you to tame:
Whom the old *Roman* Wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new Chain of Gariſons you bind.
Here Foreign Gold no more ſhall make them come,
Our *Engliſh* Iron holds them faſt at home.
They that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
May blame the Sun, but muſt extol your Grace,
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.
Prefer'd by Conqueſt, happily o'rethrown;
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one.
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.
Like favour find the *Iriſh*, with like Fate
Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State,
While by your Valour, and your courteous Mind,
Nations divided by the Sea, are joyn'd.
Holland to gain your Friendſhip, is content
To be our Out-guard on your Continent.
She from her fellow-Provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.
In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuſe,
Preventing Poſts, the terror of the News,
Our Neighbour-Provinces trembl'd at their roar,
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.
Your never-failing Sword made War to ceaſe,
And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace;
Our Minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Unite Affections, and reſtrain our Rage.

Leſs pleaſures take brave minds in Battel won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone.
Tygers have courage, and the rugged Bear,
But Man alone can whom he conquers ſpare:
To pardon willing, and to puniſh loath,
You ſtrike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that proſtrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.
When Fate or Error had our Age miſled,
And o're theſe Nations ſuch Confuſion ſpread,
The only Cure which could from Heaven come down,
Was ſo much Power and Clemency in one;
One whoſe Extraction is from an Ancient Line,
Gives hope again that well-born Men may ſhine:
The meaneſt in your Nature, mild and good,
The noble reſt ſecur'd in your Blood.
Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in Peace
A Mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe:
How ſuch a Ruling Spirit could reſtrain,
And practice firſt o're your own ſelf to Reign.
Your private Life did a juſt Pattern give,
How Fathers, Husbands, Pious Sons ſhould live.
Born to Command, your Princely Vertues ſlept
Like humble *David*, whilſt the Flock he kept;
But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
Your flaming Courage, and your matchleſs Worth
Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend
To ſow Contention—gave a proſperous end
Still as you riſe, the States exalted too,
Finds no Diſtemper while it's chang'd by you:
Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without noiſe
The riſing Sun Night's vulgar Lights deſtroys.
Had you ſome Ages paſt this Race of Glory
Run, with amazement we ſhould read your Story.
But living Vertue all Atchievements paſt,
Meets Envy ſtill to grapple with at laſt.
This *Cæſar* found, and that ungrateful Age
With loſing him, fell back to Blood and Rage.
Miſtaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoak,
But cut the Bond of Union at that ſtroke.

That

That Sun once ſet, a thouſand meaner Stars
Gave a dim light to Violence and Wars.
To ſuch a Tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty Arm prevent the fall.
If *Rome*'s great Senate could not wield the Sword,
Which of the conquer'd World had made them Lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To Rule victorious Armies, but by you?
You that had taught them to ſubdue their Foes,
Could Order teach, and all their Hearts compoſe.
To every Duty could their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and commend their Rage.
So when a Lion ſhakes his dreadful Main,
And angry grows, if he that firſt took pain
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.
As the vext World, to find repoſe at laſt
It ſelf into *Auguſta*'s Arms did caſt.
So *England* now does, with like Toyl oppreſt,
Her weary Head upon your Boſom reſt.
Then let the Muſes with ſuch Notes as theſe
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our Peace:
Your Battels they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight.
Tell of Towns ſtorm'd, of Armies over run,
And mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won:
How while you thunder'd, clouds of duſt did choak,
Contending Troops and Seas lay hid in Smoak.
Illuſtrious Arts high raptures do infuſe,
And every Conqueror creates a Muſe.
Here in low ſtrains your milder deeds we ſing,
But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olives bring
To Crown your Head, while you in Triumph ride
O're vanquiſh'd Nations, and the Sea beſide;
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like *Joſeph*'s Sheaves, pay Reverence, and bow.

Oceana. *Britannia.*

Non ego ſum vates, ſed priſci Conſcius ævi.

Oceana. WHither, O whither wander I forlorn?
Fatal to Friends, and to my Foes a ſcorn.
My pregnant Womb is labouring to bring forth
Thy Off-ſpring *Archon*, Heir to thy juſt worth.
Archon, O *Archon*, hear my groaning Cries;
Lucina, help, aſſwage my Miſeries.
Saturnian ſpight purſues me thro' the Earth,
No corner's left to hide my long wiſht Birth.
Great Queen of the Iſles, yield me a ſafe retreat
From the crown'd Gods, that would my Infants eat.
To me a *Delos* on my Child-Bed ſmile,
My happy Seed ſhall fix thy floating Iſle.
I feel fierce pangs aſſault my Teeming Womb,
Lucina, O *Britannia*, Mother, come.

Britan. What doleful ſhrieks pierce my affrighted Ear!
Shall I ne'r reſt for this lewd Raviſher?
Rapes, Burnings, Murthers are his Royal Sport,
Theſe Modiſh Monſters haunt his perjur'd Court.
No rumbling Player ſo oft e're chang'd his ſhape,
As this Goat, Fox, Wolf, timerous *French* Ape.
True Proteſtants in *Roman* Habits dreſt,
With Frogs he baits that Ravenous Butcher's Beaſt.
Treſilian J----s, that fair-fac'd Crocodile,
Tearing their Hearts, at once doth weep and ſmile.
Neronian Flames at *London* do him pleaſe,
At *Oxford* Plots to Act *Agathocles*.
His Plot's reveal'd, his Mirth is at an end,
And's fatal hour ſhall know no Foe nor Friend.
Laſt Martyr's day I ſaw a Cherub ſtand
A-croſs my Seas, one Foot upon the Land,
Th' other on the enthralled *Gallick* Shore,
Aloud Proclaim their Time ſhall be no more.
This mighty Power Heav'ns equal Ballance ſway'd,
And in one Scale Crowns, Croſiers, Scepters laid.

I'th'

I'th' other a ſweet ſmiling Babe did lye,
Circled with Glories, deck'd with Majeſty.
With ſteddy hand he pois'd the Golden pair,
The gilded Gew-Gaws mounted in the Air.
The ponderous Babe deſcending in its Scale,
Leapt on my Shore——
Nature triumph'd, Joy echo'd thro' the Earth,
The Heav'ns bow'd down to ſee the bleſſed Birth.
What's that I hear? A new-born Babe's ſoft Cries,
And joyful Mother's tender Lullabies!
'Tis to behold my Daughter paſt all harms,
Cradeling an Infant in her fruitful Arms.
The very ſame th' Angelique Viſion ſhow'd
In Mein, in Majeſty how like a God.
What a firm Health does on her Viſage dwell?
Her ſparkling Eyes Immortal Youth fore-tell.
Rome, Sparta, Venice never could bring forth
So ſtrong, ſo temperate, ſuch laſting worth.
Marpeſia from the North with ſpeed advance,
Thy Siſters Birth brings thy Deliverance.
Terqueſian Founders this juſt Babe exceeds
I'th' Arts of Peace and mighty Martial deeds.
Ye *Panopeians* kneel unto your equal Queen,
Safe from the Foreign Sword, and Barbarous Skeen.
Tranſports of Joy divert my yearning Heart
From my dear Child, my Soul, my better part.
Heav'n ſhow'r her choiceſt Bleſſings on thy Womb,
Our preſent help, our ſtay in time to come.
Thou beſt of Daughters, Mothers, Matrons, ſay,
What forc'd thy Birth, and got this Glorious Day?

Oceana. Scap'd the ſlow Jaws o'th' grinding Penſioners,
I fell i'th' Traps of *Rome*'s dire Murtherers;
Twice reſcu'd by my Loyal Senate's Power,
Twice I expected my Babe's happy hour.
Malignant force twice check'd their Pious Aid,
And to my Foes as oft my State betray'd.
Great, full of pain, in a dark Winter's Night,
Threatned, purſu'd, I ſcap'd by ſudden flight.
Pale fear gave ſpeed to my weak trembling feet,
And far I fled e're Day our World could greet.

That

That dear-lov'd Light which the whole Globe does chear,
Spurr'd on my flight, and added to my fear;
Whilſt black Conſpiracy, that Child of Night,
In Royal Purple clad, out-dares the Light.
By Day her ſelf the Faith's Defender ſtiles,
By Night digs Pits, and ſpreads her Papal Toyls.
By Day he to the Pompous Chappel goes,
By Night with *York* adores *Rome*'s Idol-ſhews:
Witneſs ye Stars and ſilent Powers of Night,
Her Treacheries forc'd my innocent flight.
With the broad day my danger too drew near,
Of help, of Counſel void, how ſhould I ſteer?
Ith' Pulpit damn'd, Strumpet at Court proclaim'd,
Where ſhould I hide, where ſhould I reſt defam'd?
Tortur'd in thought, I rais'd my weeping Eyes,
And ſobbing voice to th' all-helping Skies;
As by Heav'n ſent, a Reverend Sire appears,
Charming my Grief, and ſtopping my flood of Tears.
His buſie circling Orbs (two reſtleſs Spies)
Glanc'd to and fro, out-ranging *Argos* Eyes.
Like fleeting Time on's Front one Lock did grow,
From his glib Tongue torrents of words did flow.
Propoſe, Reſolve, Agrarian Forty One,
Lycurgus, *Brutus*, *Solon*, *Harington*.
He ſaid, he knew me in my ſwadling-bands,
Had often danc'd me in his careful hands.
He knew Lord *Archon* too, then wept and ſwore,
Enſhrin'd in me, his Fame he did adore.
His Name I ask'd, he ſaid, *Politico*,
Deſcended from the Divine *Nicholo*.
My ſtate he knew, my danger ſeem'd to dread,
And to my ſafety vow'd Hand, Heart, Head.
Grateful Returns I up to Heaven ſend,
That in Diſtreſs had ſent me ſuch a Friend.
I ask'd him where I was? Pointing, he ſhew'd
Oxford's Old Towers, once the Learned Arts aboad.
(Once great in Fame, now a Piratick Port,
Where *Romiſh* Prieſts and *Elviſh* Monks reſort)
He added near a new-built Colledge ſtood,
Endow'd by *Plato* for the Publick good.

Thither

Thither allur'd by Learned Honeſt Men,
Plato vouchſaf'd once more to live again.
Securely there I might my ſelf repoſe,
From my fierce Griefs and my more cruel Foes.
Tyr'd with long flights, e'ne hunted down with fear,
The welcome News my drooping Soul did chear.
His pleaſing words ſhortned the time and way,
And me beguil'd at *Plato's* Houſe to ſtay.
When we came in, he told me (after reſt,)
He'd ſhew me *Plato* and's *Venetian* Gueſt,
I ſcarce reply'd, with wearineſs oppreſt.
To my deſir'd Apartment I repair'd,
Invoaking Sleep and Heaven's Almighty Guard.
My waking Cares and ſtabbing frights receed,
And nodding Sleep dropt on my drowſie Head.
At laſt the Summons of a buſie Bell,
And glimmering Lights did Sleeps kind Miſts diſpel.
From Bed I ſtole, and creeping by the Wall,
Thro' a ſmall Chink I ſpy'd a Spacious Hall.
Tapers as thick as Stars did ſhed their Light
Around the place, and made a day of Night.
The curious Art of ſome great Maſter's hand,
Adorn'd the Room——*H*——*C*——*P*——ſtand
In one large piece, next them the two *Dutch* Wars,
In bloody Colours paint our fatal Jars.
Here *London* Flames in Clouds of ſmoke aſpire,
Done to the life, I'de almoſt cry'd out Fire.
But living Figures did my Eyes divert
From thoſe, and many more of wondrous Art.
There entred in three Mercenary Bands,
(The different Captains had diſtinct Commands)
The Begger's deſperate Troop did firſt appear,
Littleton led, proud *Seymore* had the Rear.
The diſguis'd Papiſts under *Garroway*,
Talbot Lieutenant (none had better pay):
Next greedy *Lee* led Party colour'd Slaves,
Deaf Fools i'th' right, i'th' wrong ſagacious Knaves.

Brought up by *M——grave*, then a Nobler Train,
(In Malice mighty, impotent in Brain)
The Pope's Solicitor brought into th' Hall,
Not guilty Lay much guilty Spiritual.
I also spy'd behind a private Skreen,
Colebert and *Portsmouth*, *T——k* and *Mazarine*.
Immediately in close Cabal they joyn,
And all applaud the Glorious Design.
'Gainst me and my lov'd Senates Free-born Breath,
Dire threats I hear'd, the Hall did Eccho Death.
A Curtain drawn, another Scene appear'd,
A tinckling Bell, a mumbling Priest I heard.
At Elevation every Knee ador'd
The Baker's Craft, Infallible's vain Lord.
When *Cataline* with Vipers did conspire,
To Murther *Rome* and bury it in Fire,
A Sacramental Bowl of Humane Goare,
Each Villain took, and as he drank he swore.
The Cup deny'd, to make their Plot compleat,
These *Catalines* their conjur'd Gods did eat.
Whilst to their Breaden Whimseys they did kneel,
I crept away, and to the door did steal.
As I got out, by Providence I flew,
To this close Wood, too late they did pursue.
That dreadful night, my Child-Bed throws brought on,
My Cryes mov'd yours and Heaven's Compassion.
Britania. Oh happy day! a Jubilee Proclaim,
Daughter adore the unutterable name.
With grateful Heart breath out thy self in Prayer,
In the mean time thy Babe shall be my care.
There is a man my Island's Hope and Grace,
The chief Delight and Joy of humane Race.
Expos'd himself to War, in tender Age,
To free his Country from the *Gallick* Rage,
With all the Graces blest his Riper years,
And full blown Vertue wak'd the Tyrant's fears.
By's Sire rejected, but by Heaven call'd,
To break my yoke, and rescue the Enthral'd.

This

This this is he who with a ſtretch'd out hand,
And matchleſs Might ſhall free my groaning Land.
On Earth's proud Baſilisks he'll juſtly fall,
Like *Moſes* Rod, and prey upon them all.
He'll guide my People through the Raging Seas,
To Holy Wars and certain Victories.
His ſpotleſs Fame, and his immenſe Deſert,
Shall plead Loves cauſe, and ſtorm this Virgins Heart.
She like *Ægeria* ſhall his Breaſt inſpire,
With Juſtice, Wiſdom, and Celeſtial fire.
Like *Numa* he her Dictates ſhall obey,
And by her Oracles the world ſhall ſway.

An Eſſay upon the E. *of* Shaftsbury's *Death.*

WHenever Tyrants fall, the Air
And other Elements prepare
To combat in a Civil War,
Large Oaks up by the roots are torn,
The Savage Train
Upon the Foreſt or the Plain
To a proceſſion through the Sky are born,
Sulphureous Fire diſplayes
Its baneful Rayes,
Then from the hollow Womb
Of ſome rent Cloud do's come
The Blazing Meteor or deſtructive Stone,
Diſtant below the Grumbling Wind
Pent up in Earth, a Vent would find;
But failing, roars
Like broken Waves upon the rocky Shores.
The Earth with Motion rowls,
Thoſe Buildings which did brave the Sky,
Now in an humble poſture lye,

While here and there
A ſubtile Prieſt and South-ſayer
The Fatal Dirges howl.
Thus when the firſt Twelve *Cæſars* fell,
A Jubilee was kept in Hell;
But when that Heav'n deſigns, the Brave
Shall quit a Life to fill a Grave,
The Sun turns pale and courts a Cloud,
From Mortals ſight his Grief to ſhroud,
Shakes from his face a ſhowre of Rain,
And faintly views the World again.
The Tombs of Ancient Heroes weep,
Hard Marble Tears lets fall:
The *Genii*, who poſſeſs the Deep,
And ſeem the Iſlands Fate to keep,
Lament the Funeral.
Silence denotes the greateſt Wo,
So Calmes precede a Storm,
Deep Waters ſmootheſt are, we know,
And bear the eveneſt Form.
So 'tis when Patriots ceaſe to be,
And haſte to immortality;
Their Noble Souls bleſt Angels bear
To the Ethereal Palace there,
Mounting upon the ambient Air,
While wounded Atomes preſs the Ear
Of Mortals, who far diſtant are.
Hence ſudden Grief do's ſeize the Mind,
For Good and Brave agree;
Each Being moves unto his Kind
By Native Sympathy.
So 'twas when mighty *Cooper* dy'd,
The *Fabius* of the Iſle,
A ſullen Look the Great o're-ſpread,
The Common People lookt as dead,
And Nature droop't the while.
Living; Religion, Liberty,
A mighty Fence he ſtood,

Peers

Peers Rights and Subjects Property
None ſtronglier did maintain than he,
For which *Rome* fought his Blood.
Deep Politician, Engliſh Peer,
That quaſh't the Power of *Rome*,
The Change of State they brought ſo near,
In bringing Romiſh Worſhip here,
Was by thy Skill o're-thrown:
'Leſs Heav'n a Miracle deſign'd,
Sure it could never be
One ſo Gigantick in his mind,
That ſoar'd a-pitch 'bove humane kind,
So ſmall a Corps ſhould be.
Time was the Court admir'd thy Shrine,
And did thee Homage pay;
But wiſely thou didſt countermine,
And having found the black Deſign,
Scorn'd the Ignoble way.
Having thus ſtrongly ſtem'd the Tide,
And ſet thy Country free:
Thou, *Cato* like, an Exile prid'ſt,
'Mongſt Enemies belov'd reſid'ſt,
Whilſt Good men Envy thee.
And as the Sacred Hebrew Seer
Canaan to view deſir'd;
So Heav'n did ſhow this Noble Peer,
The End of Popiſh Malice here,
Which done, his Soul Expir'd.

A Satyr in Answer to a Friend.

'TIS strange that you, to whom I've long been known,
Should ask me why I always rail at th' Town?
As a good Hound when he runs near his Prey,
With double eagerness is hard to Bay,
So when a Coxcomb doth offend my sight,
To ease my Spleen, I straight go home and write.
I love to bring Vice ill conceal'd to light.
And I have found that they that Satyr write,
Alone can season the useful with the sweet.
Should I write Songs, and to cool Shades confin'd,
Expire with Love, who hate all Woman kind!
Then in my Closet, like some fighting Sparks,
Thinking on *Phillis* Love upon my works!
I grant I might with bolder Muse inspir'd,
Some *Hero* sing worthy to be admir'd.
Our King hath Qualities might entertain,
With Noblest Subjects *Waller's* lofty Pen.
But then you'l own no man is thought his Friend,
That doth not love the Pope and *York* commend.
He who his Evil Counsellors dislikes,
Say what he will still like a Traytor speaks.
Now I Dissimulation cannot bear,
Truth and good Sence my lines alike must share.
I love to call each Creature by his Name,
H——a Knave, *S*——an honest Man.
With equal scorn I always did abhor,
The Effeminate Fops and bustling man of War.
The careful Face of Ministers of State,
I always judg'd to be a downright cheat.
The smiling Courtier, and the Counsellour Grave,
I always thought two different Marks of Knave.
They that talk loud, and they that draw i'th' Pit,
These want of Courage shew, those want of Wit.
Thus all the world endeavours to appear,
What they'd be thought to be, not what they are.

If

If any then by moſt unhappy choice,
Seek for content in *London's* crowd and noiſe.
Muſt form his words and manners to the place,
If he'll ſee Ladies muſt like *Villers* dreſs.
In a ſoft tone without one word of Sence,
Muſt talk of Dancing and the Court of *France.*
Muſt praiſe alike the ugly and the fair,
Buckly's good Nature, *Feltons* ſhape and Hair,
Exalt my Lady *Portſmouth's* Birth and Wit,
And vow ſhe's only for a Monarch fit.
Although the fawning Coxcombs all do know,
She's lain with *Be——fort* and the Count *de Lean.*
This method with ſome ends of Plays,
Baſely apply'd, and dreſt in a *French* Phraſe
To Ladies favour, can e'ne *He——t* raiſe.

He that from Buſineſs would Preferment get,
Plung'd in the Toyls and Infamies of State.
All Sence of Honour from his Breaſt muſt drive,
And in a courſe of Villanies reſolve to live.
Muſt cringe and flatter the King's Owls and Curs,
Nay worſe, muſt be obſequious to his Wh——s.
Muſt alwaies ſeem to approve what they commend,
What they diſlike, by him muſt be contemn'd.
And when at laſt by a thouſand different Crimes,
The Monſter to his wiſht-for Greatneſs climbs,
He muſt in his continu'd greatneſs wait,
With Guilt and Fears, the Impriſon'd *D*——Fate
This Road has *P*— and *Spen*—*r* gone,
And thus muſt anſwer for the Ills they've done.
Who then would live in ſo deprav'd a Town,
Where Pleaſure is by Folly, Power alone
By Infamy obtain'd?——————

Wiſe *Heraclitus*, all his life-time griev'd,
Democritus in endleſs Laughter Liv'd;
Yet to the firſt no fears of Plots were known,
Nor Parliaments remov'd to Popiſh Town,
Murthers not favour'd, Vertues not ſuppreſt,
Laws not derided, Commons not oppreſt.

Nor King, who *Cloudius* like, expels his Son,
To make the Imperious *Nero* Prince of *Rome*;
Nor yet to move the others merry vane,
Did Cuckolds (who each Boy i'th' ſtreet could name)
Moſt learned Proof in publick daily give,
That they themſelves do their own ſhame contrive;
While their Lewd Wives ſcouring from place to place,
T'expoſe their ſecret Members, hide their Face.
But Lo! how would this Sage have burſt his ſpleen,
Had he ſeen Whore and Fool with merry King,
And Miniſters of State at Supper ſit,
Miſtaking Bawdy Ribaldry for Wit;
Whilſt *C—s* with tottering Crown and empty Purſe,
(Derided by his Foes, to's Friends a Curſe)
Abandon'd now by every Man of Wit,
Delights himſelf with any he can get.
Pimps, Fools, and Pariſites, make up the Rout,
For want of Wedding Garments, none's left out.
But I ſhall weary both my ſelf and you,
To tell you all the Follies that I know.
How a great Lord, in numbers ſoft, thought fit,
(Though void of Senſe, to ſet up for a Wit.)
And now with wondrous Spirit, he and's Friend
An Epitaph to Cruel *Cloris* pen'd;
His Name (I think) I hardly need to tell,
For who ſhould be, but the Lord *Ar—l*.
But ſhould I here waſte Paper to declare,
The ſenſeleſs Tricks of every ſilly Peer,
I'd as good tell how many ſeveral ways,
The truſty Duke his Country ſtill betrays.
How full the World is ſtufft with Knave and Fool,
How to be very Honeſt is counted dull.
How to ſpeak plain, and greatneſs to deſpiſe,
Is thought a Madneſs, but Flattery is Wiſe,
Diſſimulation excellent, to cheat a Friend
A very Trifle, provided ſtill our end
Be but the Snare we call our Intereſt,
Then nothing is bad, but that is beſt;
I'le therefore end this vain Satyrick rage,
And leave the Biſhops to reform the Age.

An

AN
Hiſtorical Poem.

OF a Tall Statue, and of Sable Hue;
Much like the Son of *Kiſh*, that Lofty *Jew*.
Twelve years compleat he ſuffered in Exile,
And kept his F----thers Aſſes all the while.
At length by wonderfull Impulſe of Fate,
The People call him Home to help the State.
And what is more, they ſend him Money too,
And Cloath him All, from Head to Foot, a-new.
Nor did he ſuch ſmall Favours then Diſdain,
But in his Thirtieth year began his Reign:
In a ſlaſht Doublet then he came aſhore,
And dubb'd poor *P---mer's* Wife his Royal Wh------.
Biſhops and Deans, Peers, Pimps, and Knights he made,
Things highly fitting for a Monarch's trade;
With Women, Wine, and Viands of Delight,
His Jolly Vaſſals feaſt him Day and Night:
But the Beſt Times have ever ſome allay,
His younger Brother dy'd by Treachery.
Bold *T-----k* ſurvives to be the Nation's Curſe,
Reſolv'd to Ruine it by Deceit or Force.
Now the Court-Sins did every place defile,
And Plagues, and War, fell heavy on the Iſle.
Pride nouriſht Folly, Folly a Delight,
With the *Battavian* Common-wealth to fight:
But the *Dutch* Fleet fled ſuddenly with Fear,
Death and the *Duke* ſo dreadfull did appear.
The dreadfull Victor took his ſoft Repoſe,
Scorning purſuit of ſuch Mecannick Foes.
But now *T-----k's* Genitals grew over-hot,
With *D----ham* and *C----eige's* infected Pot;
Which, with Religion, ſo inflam'd his Ire,
He left the City when 'twas got on Fire:

So *Philip*'s Son, inflamed with a Miſs,
Burnt down the Palace of *Perſepolis*.
Foil'd thus by *Venus*, he *Bellona* woo's,
And with the *Dutch* a ſecond War renews.
But here his *French*-bred Proweſs prov'd in vain,
De Ruyter claps him in *Sole*'s Bay again.
This Iſle was well reform'd, and gain'd Renown,
Whilſt the brave *Tudor*'s wore th' Imperial Crown;
But ſince the Race of *St-----ts* came,
It has recoyl'd to Popery, and Shame.
Miſguided Monarchs, rarely Wiſe or Juſt;
Tainted with Pride, and with impetuous Luſt.
Should we the *Black-Heath* Project here relate,
Or count the various Blemiſhes of State,
My Muſe would on the Reader's Patience grate.
The poor *Priapus* K---- led by the Noſe,
Looks as a thing ſet up to ſcare the Crows;
Yet in the Mimicks of the Spinſtrian ſport,
Out-does *Tiberius*, and his Goatiſh Court.
In Love's Delights none did him e'er excell,
Not *Tereus* with his Siſter *Philomel*.
As they at *Athens*, we at *Dover* meet,
And gentlier far the *Orleans* Dutcheſs treat.
What ſad Event attended on the ſame,
We'll leave to the Report of Common Fame.
The *Senate*, which ſhould head-ſtrong Princes ſtay,
Let looſe the Reins, and give the Realm away;
With laviſh hands they conſtant Tributes give,
And Annual Stipends for their Guilt receive;
Corrupt with Gold, they Wives and Daughters bring
To the Black Idol for an Offering.
All but Religious Cheats might juſtly ſwear,
He true Vicegerent to old *Molock* were.
Prieſts were the firſt Deluders of Mankind,
Who with vain Faith made all their Reaſon blind;
Not *Lucifer* himſelf more proud than they,
And yet perſwade the World they muſt obey;
'Gainſt Avarice and Luxury complain,
And practice all the Vices they arraign.

Riches

Riches and Honour they from Lay-men reap,
And with dull *Crambo* feed the ſilly Sheep.
As *Killigrew* Buffoons his Maſter, they
Drole on their God, but a much duller way;
With *Hocus Pocus*, and their Heavenly ſlight,
They gain on tender Conſciences at Night.
Who ever has an over-zealous Wife,
Becomes the Prieſts *Amphitrio*, during life.
Who would ſuch Men Heavens Meſſengers believe,
Who from the Sacred Pulpit dare deceive.
Baal's wretched Curats Legerdemain'd it ſo,
And never durſt their Tricks above-board ſhow.
When our firſt Parents Paradiſe did grace,
The Serpent was the Cardinal of the place;
Fond *Eve* did for this ſubtil Tempter's ſake,
From the Forbidden Tree the Pippin take.
His God and Lord this Preacher did betray,
To have the weaker Veſſel made his Prey.
Since Death and Sin did humane Nature blot,
The chiefeſt Bleſſings *Adam*'s Chaplain got.
Thrice wretched they, who Nature's Laws deteſt,
And trace the ways fantaſtick of a Prieſt;
Till native Reaſons baſely forc'd to yield,
And Hoſts of upſtart Errors gains the Field.
My Muſe preſum'd a little to digreſs,
And touch her Holy Function with my Verſe.
Now to the State again ſhe tends direct,
And does on Giant *L----dale* reflect.
This haughty Monſter, with his ugly Claws,
Firſt temper'd Poyſon to deſtroy our Laws;
Declares the Councils Edicts are beyond
The moſt Authentick Statutes of the Land:
Sets up in *Scotland* A-la-mode *de France*;
Taxes, Exciſe, and Armies does advance.
This Saracen his Country's Freedom broke,
To bring upon our Necks the heavier Yoke:
This is the Savage Pimp, without diſpute,
Firſt brought his Mother for a Proſtitute.
Of all the Miſcreants that e'er went to Hell,
This Villain-Rampant bares away the Bell.

Now muſt my Muſe deplore the Nation's Fate,
Like a true Lover, for her dying Mate.
The Royal Evil ſo malignant grows,
Nothing the dire Contagion can oppoſe.
In our Weal-publick ſcarce one thing ſucceeds,
For one Man's weakneſs a whole Nation bleeds,
Ill-luck ſtarts up, and thrives like evil weeds.
Let *Cromwell*'s Ghoſt finile with contempt to ſee
Old *England* ſtrugling under Slavery.
His Meager Highneſs now has got a-ſtride,
Does on *Britannia*, as on *Charles*, Ride.
White-liver'd *P*---- for his ſwift Jack-call,
To hunt down's Prey, and hopes to Maſter all.
T. C----- and *H*----- before had loſt the Day;
One hang'd himſelf, and the other run away;
'Twas want of Wit and Courage made them fail,
But *O*----*ne* and the *D*---*ke* muſt needs prevail.
The *D*--*ke* now vaunts with Popiſh Mermydons,
Our Fleets, our Ports, our Cities, and our Towns,
Are Man'd by him, or by his Holineſs,
Bold *Iriſh* Ruffians to his Court Addreſs:
This is the Collony to plant his Knaves,
From hence he picks and culls his Murthering Braves.
Here for an Enſign, or Lieutenant's place,
They'll kill a Judge or Juſtice of the Peace;
At his Command *Mac* will do any thing,
He'll burn a City, or deſtroy a King.
From *Tibur* came th' Advice-Boat monthly home,
And brought new Leſſons to the Duke from *Rome*.
Here with curs'd Precepts, and with Councils dire,
The godly Cheat-King (would be) did inſpire;
Tells him the Holy Church demands his Aid,
Heaven had him Chieftain of Great *Britain* made;
Bad him be bold, all Dangers to defy,
His Brother, ſneaking Heretick, ſhould dye:
A Prieſt ſhould do it, from whoſe ſacred ſtroke
All *England* ſtreight ſhould fall beneath his Yoke.
God did Renounce him, and his Cauſe diſown,
And in his ſtead had plac'd him on his Throne.

From *Saul* the Land of Promiſe thus was rent,
And *Jeſs*'s Son plac'd in the Government:
The Holy Scripture vindicates his Cauſe,
And Monarchs are above all humane Laws.
Thus ſaid the Scarlet Whore to her Gallant,
Who ſtreight deſign'd his Brother to ſupplant:
Fiends of Ambition here his Soul poſſeſt,
And wiſh't of Empire Calentur'd his Breaſt.
Hence Ruine and Deſtruction had enſu'd,
And all the People bin in Blood imbru'd,
Had not Almighty Providence drawn near,
And ſtopt his Malice in its full career.
Be wiſe you Sons of Men, tempt God no more,
To give you Kings in's wrath to vex you ſore:
If a King's Brother can ſuch Miſchiefs bring,
Then how much greater Miſchiefs ſuch a King,

The RABBLE. 1680.

THE Rabble hates, the Gentry fear,
And Wiſe men want ſupport:
A riſing Country threatens, There;
And Here, a ſtarving Court.

Not for the Nation, but the Fair,
Our Treaſury provides;
Bu------ly's *Go------in*'s only care,
As *M-----ton* is *H----de*'s.

R-----ly too late will underſtand,
What now he ſhuns to find;
That nothing's quiet in the Land,
Except his careleſs Mind.

England is now 'twixt Thee and *Y---k*,
The Fable of the Frog:
He is the fierce devouring Stork;
And Thou, the lumpiſh Log.

THE

The Fourth SATYR of *BOILEAU*,

To Mr. W. R. *Jan.* 1687.

BElieve me, *Will*, that thoſe who have leaſt ſence,
Think they to Wiſdom have the ſole Pretence;
And that thoſe Wretches who in *Bedlam* are,
Deſerve it leſs, than thoſe who put 'em there.
The haughty Pedant, ſwoln with the frothy Name
Of a learn'd Man, big with his Claſſick Fame,
A thouſand Books, read o'er and o'er again,
Does word for word moſt perfectly retain,
Heap'd in the Lumber-Office of his Brain;
Yet this cramm'd Skull, this indigeſted Maſs,
Does very often prove an arrant Aſs:
Believes all Knowledge is to Books confin'd,
That Reading only can inform the Mind;
That Sence muſt err, and Reaſon ramble wide,
If Sacred *Ariſtotle* be'nt their Guide.
While, on the other hand, a Fluttering thing,
With a full Roll, and three-pil'd Cravat ſtring;
Whoſe Life's a Viſit, who alone takes care
To ſay fine Things, write Songs, and Court the Fair;
Laughs at the muſty Precepts of the School,
Calls the learn'd Writer an Authentick Fool;
Swears, that all Learning is a thing unfit,
A well-bred Perſon, or a Man of Wit;
Names proper only to the Sparks o'th' Town,
And Damns the Scholar to his Colledge-Gown.
The fierce Bigot, who vainly do's believe,
His Bant'ring Zeal can Heav'n it ſelf deceive;
With Saint-like Looks the Blear-ey'd Croud do's blind,
And the Tilt-Villain damns all Humane kind.
While the Wild Libertine, that Beaſt of Prey,
Who bears down all that ſtops him in his way;
Ranges o'er all, and takes his Savage fill
In the wide Foreſt of a boundleſs Will:

Swears,

Swears, that Heav'ns Joys, and Hells Eternal pain,
Are the ſick Dreams of a diſtemper'd Brain;
Tales fit for Children; a meer holy Teſt,
To ſtarve the People, and to glut the Prieſt.
The ſharpeſt Saty'riſt, with Poetick Rage,
Strives to reform the Vices of the Age;
Laughs at the Fools, and at the Villain rails;
Yet Folly thrives, and Villany prevails:
While the crack'd Skull ſhows all that has been ſaid,
Leaves marks on nothing, but the Poet's head;
For partial Man, try'd by himſelf alone,
Proteſting every Sentence but his own;
Severe to all Men, to himſelf too kind;
Sees others Faults, but to his own is blind.
The ſordid Miſer, a meer lump of Clay,
Form'd into Man, e'er from its groſs allay
It was refin'd by the Souls heav'nly Ray;
Whoſe thirſt of Wealth increaſes with his ſtore,
And to ſpend leſs, ſtill covets to have more;
Who, *Midas*-like, to feed his Avarice,
Starves in th' enjoyment of a golden Wiſh:
Thinks himſelf Wiſe, boaſts of being Provident,
And down-right Scraping, calls good Management.
The Love of Wealth, is Madneſs; and I hate
The very Trouble of a great Eſtate:
'Tis perfect Dirt, cries the vain Prodigal,
Mad till it's gone; and, when he has ſpent all,
The Begger'd Fool, calls himſelf Liberal.
Now weigh 'em both, and tell me, if you can,
Which of the Two ſeems the moſt Prudent Man:
The Gameſter ſwears, both ſhou'd in *Bedlam* be,
That Fortune-monger, maddeſt of the Three,
Whoſe Life, whoſe Soul, whoſe very Heav'n is Play,
At which the Bubble throws 'em all away:
Who every moment waits his Deſtiny,
From the uncertain running of a Dye;
And if he chance to loſe, then how he ſtares!
Then how the Fury, with his friſled hairs,
Curſes his Fate! Earth, Hell, and Heav'n defies,
And, with Oaths, heap'd on Oaths, he ſtorms the Skies.

I cou'd name Thouſands more; but to draw all
The ſhapes of this falſe Reas'ning Animal,
Wou'd be as hard, as to count all that dye
Each Spring and Fall, by *Lower*, and *Mercury*:
Or ſay, how oft the Impatient Heir, to have
The Old man's Wealth, has wiſh'd him in his Grave:
A drudgery ſo great, my Pen declines,
Content to ſum up all in theſe four Lines.
Greece boaſts ſeven Sages, but the Story lyes;
For the whole World ne'er ſaw one truely Wiſe:
All Men are mad; and the ſole difference
Lyes in the more, or the leſs want of Sence.

A *LETANY* for the Fifth of *November*, 1684.

FRom all Popiſh Treaſons, and the Gun-powder Plot,
From a Perjur'd *French* Tyrant, out-done by a S---
And from a Progeny whoſe Coats are diſtinguiſht by blot,
Libera, &c.

From a Popiſh Head o'er a Proteſtant People,
From breaking of Leagues either double or Tripple,
From deſtroying the Church, and adoring the Steeple,
Libera, &c.

From new Corporations, with expedient Charters,
From Gates dreſs'd up with Old Royaliſts Quarters,
From *Omers* Plot expiate by *Abchurch-Lane* Martyrs,
Libera, &c.

From a Juſtice that Statute-Law over-rules,
From Juries compounded of Knaves and Fools,
And from Mercenary Evidence Tools,
Libera, &c.

From broken *Scotch* Covenants, and Sham Declarations,
From *Loyala's* fatal inſinuations,
And from ſuch as again would blow up Three Nations,
Libera, &c.

A Short

A Short LETANY,

To the Tune of Cook-Laurel.

FRom an old Inquiſition, and new Declaration,
From Freedom of Conſcience, and Whig-Toleration,
'Gainſt Conſcience impoſing upon the whole Nation,
For ever good Heaven deliver me.

From Knaves wou'd ſet up a Diſpenſative Power,
To pull down the Teſt unto which we have ſwore,
By Impoſing a greater than any before,
For ever, &c.

From the Court's Triumvirate's Council in vain,
The Father Confeſſor, that Cheater of Men,
The Hypocrite *Lobb*, and that Jeſuit *Pen*,
For ever, &c.

From loſing the Sett in a Paſſion and Flame,
By taking Seven Men up, and hoping the ſame,
To recover by playing an after-back Game,
For ever, &c.

From a Schiſmatick State, and a Catholick Court,
From packing a Jury in hopes to be for't,
From ſhopping the Biſhops, the Church to ſupport,
For ever, &c.

From Puritans malice, and Jeſuits ſpite,
From ſhowing our Teeth, without power to bite,
Againſt our own Conſcience from doing of right,
For ever, &c.

From making a Pannel the Prelates to blaſt,
In hopes with St. *Peter* their Lordſhips to caſt,
And finding it all *Ignoramus* at laſt.
For ever, &c.

An ESSAY upon SATYR:

By J. Dr---en, *Esquire.*

HOW dull, and how insensible a Beast
Is Man, who yet would Lord it o'er the rest:
Philosophers and Poets vainly strove
In every Age the lumpish Mass to move;
But those were Pedants, when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct, but please.
Poets alone found the delightfull way,
Mysterious Morals gently to convey
In charming Numbers; so that as Men grow
Pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiser too.
Satyr has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell Men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain Deeds, and vainer Thoughts.
In Satyr too the Wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all Folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame.
But of these two, the last succeeded best,
(As Men aim righteſt when they shoot in jest:)
Yet if we may presume to blame our Guides,
And Censure those who Censure all besides.
In other things they justly are preferr'd,
In this alone me-thinks the Ancients err'd;
Against the grossest Follies they disclaim,
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble Game.
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 'tis the Talent of each vulgar Wit;
Besides, 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to *Armstrong*, or dull *Aston* teach;
'Tis being devout at Play, wise at a Ball,
Or bringing Wit and Friendship to *White-hall*;
But with sharp Eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lye obscurely in the wisest Mind;

That

That little ſpeck, which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the looſe-writ Libels of this Age,
Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage;
Above all Cenſure too, each little Wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the moſt,
Of ſuch Correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a Satyr all would ſeek a ſhare,
And every Fool will fancy he is there.
Old Story-tellers too muſt pine and dye,
To ſee their Antiquated Wit laid by;
Like her who miſs'd her Name in a Lampoon,
And grieve to find her ſelf decay'd ſo ſoon;
No common Coxcomb muſt be mention'd here,
Not the dull train of dancing Sparks appear;
Nor fluttering Officers, who never fight;
Of ſuch a wretched Rabble who would write;
Much leſs half Wits, that's more againſt our Rules;
For they are Fops, the other are but Fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as *Dunbar*
As dull as *Monmouth*, rather than Sir *Carr*.
The cunning Courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull Knavery makes ſo much adoe;
Till the ſhrew'd Fool, by thriving too too faſt,
Like *Æſop*'s Fox, becomes a prey at laſt:
Nor ſhall the Royal Miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſie to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming Fool keeps ſuch a pother,
They are as common that way as the other.
Yet Santering *Ch——d* between his beaſtly Brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either place,
Affected Humour, or a painted Face.
In Loyal Libels we have often told him,
How one has Gilted him, the other Sold him.
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can Rail ſo long as he can Sleep?
Was ever Prince by two at once miſ-led,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?

Earnely and *Aylesbury*, with all that race
Of busie Block-heads shall have here no place;
At Council set as foils on *D*——'s score,
To make that great false Jewel shine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains, and telling lyes.
But there's no medling with such nauseous Men,
Their very Names have tyr'd my lazy Pen;
'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse
Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.
First, let's behold the merriest Man alive,
Against his careless Genius vainly strive;
Quit his dear Ease, some deep design to lay,
'Gainst a set-time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
Just as good Company as *Nokes* and *Lee*.
But when he aims at Reason, or at Rule,
He turns himself the best in ridicule.
Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
Shew him but Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit;
That shaddow of a Jest shall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all Mankind to be destroy'd:
So Cat transform'd, sat gravely and demure,
Till Mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
But soon the Lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as odly fly;
Reaching above our Nature, does no good,
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood.
As by our little *Matchiavel* we find
(That nimblest Creature of the busie kind)
His Limbs are crippled, and his Body shakes,
Yet his hard Mind, which all this bustle makes,
No pity of its poor Companion takes.
What Gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see that drag his feeble Legs about;
Like Hounds ill coupled, Jowler lugs him still
Through Hedges, Ditches, and through all that's ill:
'Twere Crime in any Man but him alone,
To use a Body so, though 'tis ones own:

Yet this falſe comfort never gives him o're,
That whilſt he creeps his vigorous thoughts can ſoar;
Alas, that ſoaring to thoſe few that know;
Is but a buſie groveling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the Sky,
Whilſt on the ground th' intranſed Wretches lye;
So modern Fops have fancied they could fly:
Whilſt 'tis their Heads alone are in the Air,
And for the moſt part building Caſtles there;
As the new Earl with parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune ſlights;
Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine Notion of a buſie Man;
And what is that at beſt, but one whoſe mind,
Is made to tire himſelf and all mankind;
For *Ireland* he would go, faith let him reign,
For if ſome odd fantaſtick Lord would fain
Carry in Trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him but admire him too;
But is there any other Beaſt that lives,
Who his own harm ſo wittily contrives?
Will any Dog that has his Teeth and Stones,
Refin'dly leave his Bitches and his Bones?
To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd,
While *Venus* is by rival Dogs enjoy'd;
Yet this fond Man to get a Stateſman's Name,
Forfeits his Friends, his Freedom and his Fame.
Though *Satyr* nicely writ no humour ſtrings,
But theſe who merit praiſe in other things;
Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly *Tropos* ſake;
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary Tongue,
From railing ſmoothly, and from reaſoning wrong:
As Boys on Holy-days let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh Traps for girls that paſs that way;

Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs,
Some ſilly Cit in flowr'd fooliſh Dreſs;
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found,
To ſee his tinſel reaſon on the Ground:
To ſee the florid Fool deſpis'd (and know it)
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhow it;
(For ſence ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker,
The finer; nay, ſometimes the wittieſt Speaker)
But 'tis prodigious ſo much Eloquence,
Should be acquired by ſuch a little Sence;
For words and wit do antiently agree,
And *Tully* was no Fool though this man be:
At Bar abuſive, in the Bench unable,
Knave on the Woolſack, Fop at Councel Table;
Theſe are the Grievances of ſuch Fools as wou'd,
Be rather wiſe than honeſt, great than good.
Some other kind of wits muſt be made known,
Whoſe harmleſs Errours hurt their ſelves alone;
Exceſs of Luxury they think can pleaſe,
And lazineſs call loving of their eaſe;
To live diſſolv'd in pleaſures ſtill they feign,
Though their whole Lifes but intermitting pain;
So much of Surfeits, Head-Aches, Claps are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little time between;
Well-meaning men who make this groſs miſtake,
And pleaſure loſe only for pleaſures ſake;
Each pleaſure has its price, and when we pay,
Too much of pain we ſquander life away.
Thus *D----t* purring like a thoughtful Cat,
Married but wiſer, puſs near thought of that:
And firſt he worried her with railing rhime,
Like *Pembrook*'s Maſtives at his kindeſt time;
Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh Life,
A teeming Widow but a barren Wife;
Suckl'd by contract of ſuch a fulſome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune blindly kind as well as ſhe,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would uſe in all his ſneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;

Dull

Dull as *Ned Howard*, whom his brisker Times,
Had fam'd for dulneſs in malicious Rhimes;
Mul---ve had much ado to ſcape the ſnare,
Though learn'd in thoſe ill Arts that cheat the fair:
For after all his vulgar Marriage mocks,
With beauty dazled Numps was in the ſtocks;
Deluding Parents dry'd their weeping Eyes,
To ſee him catch his Tartar for his Prize;
Th' impatient Town waited the wiſht for change,
And Cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;
Till *Petworth* Plot made us with ſorrow ſee;
As his Eſtate his Perſon too was free:
Him no ſoft thoughts; no gratitude could move,
To Gold he fled from Beauty and from Love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will:
'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and power,
Break not his boaſted quiet every hour.
And little *Sid---y* for *Simile* renown'd,
Pleaſures has always ſought but never found:
Though all his thoughts on Wine and Women fall,
His are ſo bad ſure he ne're thinks at all.
The fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong,
His meat and miſtreſſes are kept too long;
But ſure we all miſtake this Pious man,
Who mortifies his Perſon all he can:
What we uncharitably take for ſin,
Are only rules of this old *Capuchin*,
For never Hermit under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe;
And 'tis a miracle we may ſuppoſe,
No naſtineſs offends his skilful Noſe;
Which from all ſtink can with peculiar Art,
Extract Perfume, and Eſſence, from a F---t;
Expecting ſupper is his great delight,
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o're his Cups this night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes *Hewet*, and *Jack Hall* for wits.
Roche ſ---r I deſpiſe for his meer want of wit,
Though thought to have a Tail and Cloven Feet;

[illegible] mischief means to all mankind,
[illegible]self alone the ill effects does find;
And so like Witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same;
False are his words, affected is his wit,
So often he does aim, so seldom hit;
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the Back is turn'd the head he breaks;
Mean in each Action, lewd in every Limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every Creature,
A very *Killig---w* without good Nature;
For what a *Bessus* has he always liv'd,
And his own *Kickings* notably contriv'd:
For (there's the folly that's still mixt with fear)
Cowards more blows than any Heroe bear;
Of fighting sparks some may her pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The World may well forgive him all his ill,
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still;
Falsly he falls into some dangerous Noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose;
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting:
I'd like to have left out his Poetry;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely hit:
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out's the Cinder-womans trade;
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire;
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched Texts deserve no Comments here;
Where one poor thought sometimes left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness to attone:
Mongst forty bad, one tolerable line,
Without expression, fancy, or design.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwise,
Even he who would himself despise;

I who wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own Vanity and Pride can't see.
While the World's nonsence is so sharply shown,
We pull down others, but to raise our own;
That we may Angels seem, we paint them Elves,
And are but Satyrs to set up our selves.
I who have all this while been finding fault,
Even with my Master, who first Satyr taught;
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendious, and above reward.
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty Hill, unreacht by former time:
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

The CITY-BALLAD. 1682

PRepare now you Cits, your Charter to lose,
You're catcht in a Noose
That is laid;
You're betray'd, you're betray'd,
By those Lords you adored;
Your Sons shall be sold, and your Daughters be whored;
Your Wives turn'd to Bawds: who is that will pity
Such hungry Baboons, who have eat up a City.

Now open your Eyes,
See your Prentices rise,
Your Wives, and your Daughters obey;
For the Bucks which they eat,
Were provocative Meat,
For a Brace more their God they'll betray.

Hang Ruling by Law,
'Tis as weak as a Straw,
When the Sword its sharp point shall advance;
Then off with your Coats,
And put on your Boots,
For *England* is Model'd by *France*.

A Catholick Prince,
With an Oath can dispence,
When ever his Measures shall alter;
Your Shrieves and Lord Mayor,
Shall each have a share
Of a Sanctify'd Popish Halter.

Hark! hark! the time's come,
Sound Trumpet and Drum;
Do you wonder?
'Tis the Guards why doe wait
At the base City-Gate,
And want but the Word for to Plunder.

FINIS.